

The Replacement Child

by I.F.T.S

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Summary: "Excuse me, barmaid! I'm afraid you brought me the wrong offspring! I ordered an extra-large boy with beefy arms, extra guts and glory on the side. This here, this is a talking fish-bone!" Stoick gets his wish, but not in the way he imagined. Possible ToothlessxHiccup, Rating may change.

1. Prologue

****Okay, I've had an idea similar to this for a while and it just...decided to develop now. This is my first HTTYD story; but if it's any consolation this is NOT my first story ever. This one is like my...Seventh? I don't keep track of that stuff. Anyway, if you've also watched RotG I've written a couple of those too. Check 'em out (plz?). Btw, I haven't really seen anything beyond the tv/movie version...just fyi...****

****DISCLAIMER: I OWN NOTHING ()****

Patience is a virtue; as the human saying goes.

The black dragon sighs, flicking his ears in a vain attempt to catch any traveling sound. The toothpick-boy should've been here long ago—maybe the raid from this morning is throwing off the tormentor's sense of time—

A sudden crash resounds through the little clearing, and the beast presses his body deeper into the concealing shadows. Any moment now—

Right on cue, an unusually small human stumbles into view. As per the norm, he glances worriedly behind him only to find that he has, once again, managed to outrun his pursuer. Dusting off his fur vest, he shuffles over to a rock bathing in the morning light and removes a small, brown, flat-tree thing from his person as well as a stick. Settling into a comfortable position, he begins to—|the dragon

honestly doesn't know what the fish bone's doing, but it always keeps him distracted.

This is too easy.

* * *

><p>Hiccup sighs, for the hundredth time thanking whatever god was kind enough to allow him to find this precious cove. Without it, he would've gone insane months ago. But seriously, what's a six-year-old to do when his cousin kicks the snot out of him daily? His little cronies don't make it any easier.

Glancing up from his sketchbook, his someone's-trying-to-sneak-up-on-me sense tingling, he whirls around; prepared to face Snotlout in another round.

So spotting an unfamiliar dragon staring at him with bright green eyes definitely comes as a shock.

The pencil slips from his hand, clattering to the ground. The sharp noise shakes him from his daze, and Hiccup scrambles backward; at the same time searching for a weapon. Unfortunately for him, he's forgotten that he's on a rock and crashes down on the other side. On his head.

Why do these things have to happen to me?

Moaning in pain and his own stupidity, he tenses for the attack. But nothing happens. Instead, the predatorâ€

Sniffs him? Maybe he's just checking to make sure he's edible. Now the dragon's going toâ€

Nuzzle his head? What the Hel's going on?

Uncurling from the fetal position, Hiccup slowly looks up at the animal. It stands next to him, staring down at him withâ€mirth?â€in its eyes. Taking care not to move too fast, Hiccup shifts into the sitting position. The dragon watches him closely, ear flaps perked in obvious curiosity. Its sleek, solid midnight-colored body shows no signs of aggression known to his kind; or anger. In fact, it almost looks cute with its tail wrapped around its legs.

Hiccup swallows nervously. He's never been allowed to see the Dragon Manual, nonetheless touch it. But he knows for a fact that he's never seen or heard about this dragon.

It could just not participate in the raidsâ€it does look pretty youngâ€his inner voice argues.

"But it has to have parents; and they'd be the ones to steal from us," he counters aloud. "So what species is it?"

The dragon coos at the sound of his voice, scooting closer. Now the staring-thing's getting a little creepy. Doesn't this thing need to blink?

Apparently sensing that someone's thinking about its eye habits, the lizard blinks in rapid succession; crinkling its nose.

"What's wrong?" Hiccup asks; leaning forward slightly only to leap away as a blue ball of fire explodes from its nose as it sneezes.

Hiccup places a hand over his heart, breathing heavily as he tries to calm down. The dragon paws at its nose, shaking its head before finally looking up at the human it nearly roasted. It cocks its head, as if asking, _How'd you get all the way over there?_

"Night Fury," he whispers, ignoring the unspoken question. Now _that's_ a dragon he's heard of; and certainly no one's ever seen.

_Why do these things _always _happen to me?_

The deadly beast suddenly twists around, ears revolving like satellites. Wings flaring open, it leaps into the air and speeds away; leaving the clearing as if it'd never been there.

Hiccup shakily stands, and retrieves his pencil. Opening to a fresh page, he quickly sketches the dragon before the memory evaporates. Maybe the village won't call him useless nowâ€¦|

* * *

><p>The other dragon's already at the pre-determined rock outcrop; waiting impatiently.<p>

_ "__Well?"_ she growls as soon as the Night Fury lands.

_ "__He'll be perfect in a few years. They won't be able to tell the difference."_

_ "__Good. Tell Mariaka to prepare herself; in nine years we act."_

^0_0^

Like it? Hate it? Think I should delete? Let me know by that wonderful little button down there!

2. Your Wish is Granted

WHoooooooo! School is no longer in session! I'M FREE! (At least until August...) Anyway, this got quite a few hits, so here's the next chapter! Hope you guys like!

DISCLAIMER: I OWN NOTHING...sad face...

Nine years later

Hiccup peeks out the door, despite having been told not to.

And nearly gets his face burnt off by a Monstrous Nightmare.

Yup, they're here alright.

The dragons have arrived.

Once he's sure the beast has moved on, the small Viking reopens the door and slips out, smashing another rule. At least it's only his second one today. Then again he plans on breaking three more soâ€|hurray for premeditation.

His father's going to be super pissed. But if he accomplishes his goal then everything will balance out perfectly.

Althoughâ€|it's a big 'if'. But it's nothing he can't handle.

Dodging around many of his tribe-mates, and getting rebuked with many commands to return home, Hiccup arrives at the stall/smithery. Much to Gobber's excitement.

"About time you joined the party. I was beginning to think you'd been carried off."

"Who, me? Nah, come on; I'm way too muscular for their taste! They wouldn't know what to do with allâ€|this!"

The right handed Viking rolls his eyes, and continues to pound on a dented sword as he shoots back, "Well, they need toothpicks don't they?"

Hiccup sighs, and after moving one of his mentor's exchangeable hands out of the way gathers up some tools deposited in the window and sets them on an open pit of coals. After pumping the fan to warm them up, he backtracks again to the open wall to retrieve more weapons.

The house next to the store suddenly explodes, shaking the ground. Hiccup leans out the window and watches with a mix of jealousy and awe as a group of his peers rushes to put it out. He sighs, keeping a particularly close watch on Astrid, the most sought-after female on the whole island.

And just because Hiccup's 'useless' doesn't mean he's exempt from her charms. It doesn't matter than she always stood by while her most-likely-future-husband, Snotlout, beat the crap out of him. Hiccup does have a heart, and right now it trips over itself as the tough blonde shouts commands.

But, apparently the gods aren't happy with the boy's ogling, so they decide to put a stop to it.

In the form of blowing up the shop.

* * *

><p>"Why did you do that?!" The Monstrous Nightmare screeches. _"The boy was in there!"_

A blue Nadder ducks her head; quite a feat seeing as she's flying. _"But you said to destroy the weapon house!"_

_ "But not if the boy's in there!"_ The dragon roars back, swooping a bit lower to try and find the human. _"If he's dead Nigholin's going to have your head!"_

_ "There he is!" _a Gronckle rumbles, pointing with a paw at a large Viking patting down another, much thinner one.

"Get him, before he hides again," the Nightmare snaps, darting away to one of the catapult towers. The Nadder spirals down to some of her kin that had found the stash of meat and the fat brown dragon aims for the twig of a human.

But he runs into a problem—and it's called Gobber.

* * *

><p>Hiccup tries to blink the stars out of his gaze before he remembers that it's early morning; those pinpricks of light are supposed to be there.<p>

"Are you alright?" Gobber screams in his ear, pulling him roughly to his feet.

"Y-yeah, I'm f-fine," Hiccup stutters, swaying slightly. A blur draws his attention over the other Viking's shoulder, and he squints at it for a moment before recognizing it.

"Gobber, behind you!" he warns, and the man turns around just in time to raise his hammer-hand to smash a Gronckle in the face. The dragon shakes its head before charging again, and Hiccup is pushed away with a shouted "Get home now if ya know what's good for you!"

The boy wastes no time, scrambling up the hill his house rests atop. But halfway up, his plan is deterred; namely because of a certain Nightmare that darts out of the darkness to intercept him.

"Why can't you just let me get home?" Hiccup asks tiredly before he stumbles back and runs for his life.

Blowing by a still-battling Gobber, he makes a beeline for the woods. It makes sense, dragons fly and the woods would inhibit that particular advantage.

Though it strengthens their fire attacks, as the monster chasing him so gladly provides an example. But Hiccup's already entered the forest, thankfully avoiding being roasted. Deciding to take another precaution, Hiccup continues to run in the direction of the cove. Then after this madness is over he can return home.

* * *

><p>The Night Fury waits patiently, having played this game before. His partner, on the other paw, has not.<p>

"When is he going to get here?" he exclaims not for the first time. "I thought Monxner said he was going to be here as soon as the raid started!"

The dragon sighs, flicking his tail and closing his eyes. _"He'll get here when he gets here; have patience. If you're going to replace him you must _act_ like him."_

The brunet huffs, plopping down. He taps his nimble fingers on his thin arm for a minute before he explodes again. "Ugh! How long is

this going to take? Did he get lost again?"

Green eyes meet green as the lizard shifts into the sitting position. _"You are even worse than the humans, Mariaka. The boy is not lost, I can hear him crashing through the trees and you would too if you'd close your mouth."_

The boy's jaw hits the ground, and his eyes blaze in fury. "Are you ordering me around _ant_?"

The midnight beast jumps to his feet, snarling. _"And if I am? Are you going to cry to Mother and watch your plan backfire as she takes my side?"_

The one named Mariaka thrusts his face near the dragons, baring his teeth. "Youâ€" "

The Night Fury shoves the child down, ignoring his growl of protest. _"Shut up, he's here."_

* * *

><p>Hiccup pauses at the mouth of the cove. He could've sworn he heard something not friendly down thereâ€|

Shaking his head, he slides down the rocks, absorbing the shock with his knees. Reaching behind his back, he unties the apron he donned back at the shop and hangs it on a nearby tree branch. Walking over to the little pond-lake thing, he dips his hands into it and scrubs the dirt off of them.

A stick snaps behind him, and Hiccup whirls around to faceâ€"

Himself.

Clumsily getting to his feet, he keeps his eyes on the other him. He starts to reach out with his hand, but the other one does the same. Jerking away, he gasps as his mirror image continues to mimic him. Circling him now, he dares to speak.

"Who are you?"

"Who are you?" other Hiccup says at the same time.

"I asked you first!" they cry as one. "Answer me!"

The boys frown at each other, both pairs of eyes scanning the other's familiar face. "This is getting us nowhere," they both sigh.

Real Hiccup clenches his teeth. "Stop doing that!"

The doppelganger shrugs. "Okay, that was getting boring anyway." He glances over his shoulder. "How was that?"

Original Hiccup's face screws up in confusion that straightens out in fear as the Night Fury slinks into view. It growls something and the other boy nods.

"Well, he isn't _that_ hard to imitate. This'll be a cinch."

Hiccup backs away, panic beginning to set in. _What the Hel's going on?_

But he's a fool for believing the dragon wouldn't notice his half-hearted escape, and he's rewarded with it pouncing on him and glaring with large green eyes.

Flinching, he squirms underneath its gigantic paw as it opens its maw. Trying to ignore the impossibly white teeth, he instinctively brings his hands up to guard his face as the beast lunges down at him.

This_ is what should've happened all those years ago,_ he thinks, waiting for the painâ€œ"

That doesn't come as the lizard instead screams in his face, and Hiccup's head rings as he passes out.

* * *

><p>Mariaka frowns, staring at the limp form of the Viking. "Was that really necessary?"<p>

The Night Fury snorts, scooping up the boy to hold him against his chest. _"Yes. I don't want to fly with him fighting me the whole way."_

The new Hiccup rolls his eyes. "Eh, whatever. I gotta go before they send out a search party for the weakling. Here again in a week, right?"

The dragon nods, leaping into the sky and speeding away with his new cargo.

(^.^)

**ClassicBubble: **Thanks for being the first to review! I hope this keeps you hooked!

**Warrior Nun: **Yes! And here it is, sorry for the wait!

DeathGoddesses: Yeah, I thought it'd be a nice twist. I don't like to use over-done plot bunnies!

**LizzyLori: **Phew, you scared me for a second! I read that first sentence and my eyes bugged! Then they nearly fell out when I finished the review! It was only the first chapter and I hope the rest are just as worthy of your praise!

**Fire From Above: **Thanks. I've heard that a good hook is perfect for writing and decided to try it out... guessed it worked!

**Guest 5/5/13: **Do? Do what; add more? Well, in that case sure!

**Ninjabanda1313: **Ohhh, a bad ass panda! And sure, since you asked so nicely!

****FightFire26:** ****Ya!** Definitely going to continue!

****Guest 5/5/13:** ****Thank you!** I like the first installment too, but I hated how short it was! I usually write between one and three thousand words!

****Guest 5/5/13:** ****Wow,** so many guests on the same day! And I will!

****FriendlyDragon:** ****Yup,** I like to introduce new things. Sorry for the wait, and to answer your question: no, sadly Hiccup isn't raised by dragons in this au...I think someone's done that, but I may be mistaken...

****SheMcScribe245:** ****Scribe!** Thank you tremendously for the compliments! And I hate myself for making you wait, but school's out now!

****E:** ****Short name,** bur original. Anyway, I hope this new chapter keeps you interested and sorry for the wait!

****FarmersDaughter:** ****Ahh!** It's you! And fantastic use of 'zee'! And here she is, thanks for reviewing!

****demonsLOver:** ****Sorry** for the wait, but now that my education is over for the summer I can write more frequently!

****NightFuryOne:** ****Wow,** thank you bunches for everything! I'm glad you like 3rd; I know most people prefer 1st...but that just bothers me. I CAN write in it...I just like looking down at everyone's thoughts. Makes everything more dramatic! And thanx again!

3. A Small Bout of Amnesia

****All right,** I know it's been a few days, and I would've uploaded this Sunday but... Siblings, right? For all you only-children out there, I curse you for your luck. But then again having someone to talk to ******_does_****** have it's advantages...especially when it comes to gripping about parents. But I'm rambling, so I'll shut up now so you can enjoy this chapter!**

****DISCLAIMER:** I wonder how many of you would notice if I stopped putting this up?**

How is it possible that his head hurts this much? It feels like someone took an ax/hammer (betcha it was Gobber's hand-mallet) to it. And why is it so cold? There's still anotherâ€|month until winter? Hiccup doesn't keep track of those sort of things; the season doesn't change his daily life. Snotlout doesn't go 'Oh look, it's winter. Maybe we shouldn't beat on my poor, useless cousin today.' No, that never happens. But now he's getting off track.

Deciding he's not going to get anywhere without opening his eyes, he pries his lids open carefully; expecting blinding sunlight to stab his eyes.

But, seeing as he knows it might come, it doesn't happen.

Blindly standing, he stumbles his way to a wall. A rock wall. Of a

cave.

Why the Hel is he in a cave? How did he get here? _Who_ brought him here?

Valiantly trying to rewind his memory, Hiccup gnaws on his bottom lip. He remembers the raidâ€|and the shop blowing upâ€|Oh! The Monstrous Nightmare chased him into the woods and he ran to the safety of his cove!

Waitâ€|so he's in his sanctuary?

No, cause then he'd be able to see the moon. So something happened after that. His gut twinges, and the little voice in the back of his head warns him not to push it. So it must've been something _weird_â€|

Sighing, he tries to breach the solid wall of his forgetfulness anyway, and comes up empty. Whatever _it_ was, it really scared him.

Or something's purposely blocking your memory, the voice whispers.

Why? He'sâ€|Hiccup; what use does someone have with barricading his subconscious?

Secrets, of course. You must've seen something you weren't supposed to.

Oh. Well, great, now his curiosity's been peaked. Odin curse his intuitive nature.

Desperate for answers and stubbornly refusing to give up, Hiccup plops back down on the floor and probes the blockade in his mind. By his bloodline he's going to crack it open.

* * *

><p>"Hiccup, you're alright!" Gobber calls to the young boy, who pauses in climbing up the hill.<p>

"Uhâ€|yeah, why wouldn't I be?" he responds as the older male hobbles into view.

"Well, I saw that Nightmare chasin' you into the forest and I thought for sure it'd actually _eat_ you."

"Ohâ€|well he didn't."

An awkward silence envelopes the Vikings, and Hiccups shuffles closer to his home. "Well, I'd best get goingâ€|Fa-dad wants me inside after last night soâ€|"

"Oh, yeah, I just came up to tell you the shop will be closed for a day or twoâ€|I'll come get you when it's up an' running."

The brunet nods. "Okay, see you then."

As the heir turns his back on the smith, Gobber can't help but notice

something's off about the boyâ€|but then again the child _is_ Hiccup so that's actually normal. Shrugging, he begins to make his way back to the center of town where the boy's father waits to hold a meetingâ€|

* * *

><p>It is impossible.

He can't crack that stupid stonewall! And it's driving him crazy!

Groaning, Hiccup allows himself to fall backwards. Which isn't the brightest move, seeing as the floor's just as hard as the walls.

Curling in on himself and trying to ignore the pain, he shifts to lie on his side. Closing his eyes, he pushes his aching stomach aside and tries to catch some sleep. He's got a gut feeling he'll need it.

* * *

><p>A crisp wind tugs gently at his hair, blowing a few strands playfully into his face. They tickle his nose, and he tries to move his arm to scratch it. But something stops the limb from obeying the command, and after a moment he realizes that something has quite a grip around his torso. It seems to be holding him, but why does it feel so strangeâ€|

_ Warily opening his eyes, he stares uncomprehendingly at the ocean speeding away beneath him. When it finally does register in his half-awake brain, it idly wonders if this is what it feels like to fly. Something tugs at his mind, and he slips back into sleep as a small island appears, wreathed in mist._

_ What feels like minutes later, a sudden _thud_ reawakens the boy, and the sensation of falling preludes to a painful landing on the ground. Too lazy to move into a more comfortable position, he just stays in his boneless pile. Low growls and a sharp snarl draws his attention, and again he pries his lids open. A hazy figure appears before him, and after several seconds of rapid blinking his sight clears._

_ A tall man garbed completely in black stands stiffly in front of him, his hands clenched in fists. His onyx hair gleams in an unknown source of light, and as the boy's befuddled mind tries to decipher why the man looks soâ€|off, a deep rumble causes the male to turn._

_ His green eyes glow, reflecting all light in the way only a dangerous predator's would. They seem to bore right through the boy, and before he knows it he's back in the dark void of a dreamless sleep._

* * *

><p>Hiccup starts, leaping to his feet so fast that the blood rushes to his head. Swaying, he uses the wall as a support while he tries to gather his wits.<p>

So I've been kidnapped.

The thought rings true, and the memories file in; filling in the many gaps. But one in particular causes his blood to run cold.

"The other me!"

****O.o****

****A bit on the short side, I know; but hopefully next chappie is longer!****

****NightFuryOne: **Aw, thanks! I didn't want to just rewrite the entire scene, so I put my own twist on things. I'm glad you enjoyed it and hope you liked this baby too!**

****DeathGoddesses: **Oh, the village won't know that their Hiccup's been replaced. If they did then I wouldn't have anything to write about!**

****LizzyLori: **No! That's impossible! You give me the best praise just by reading this!**

****DunalN2: **Yes, you are correct on both counts. And I can't kill Original Hiccup, nor can the dragons! They need him in case they need to pull the Fake Hiccup out! And thank you for all the compliments!**

****Guest 5/20/13: **I hope in a good way...I'd hate to have fried your brain out of sheer horrible-ness of my writing...**

****Butifull-golden-sunsets: **Really? I'm so happy I managed to nab another reader! And thank you!**

****BeautifulAndStrangDragon: **I'm glad you think so!**

****Warrior Nun: **Yup! Them dragons sure is smart! And sadly, no...he's more like a general. All this will be explained in more depth (and better) in the next few chapters!**

****FarmersDaughter: **Aww, thanks! And I do too! As for your questions, I hope this chappie managed to get them all! But if not, then ask away!**

****SheMcScribe245: **That's so cool! My sister and I do the same thing too! Must be a sibling-connection-thing...weird...**

****Guest 5/21/13: **I would never! Here, have this!**

****Fire From Above: **Good! Hope this continues to make you intrigued!**

****E: **Ohhh, I like that you're thinking ahead! And you'll see soon!**

****Night-Fury1: **Awes-_mazing_!? Am I really worthy of such honor!?**

****MEC: **LOL, I'll save you! *jumps in after* _No one_ takes away my**

viewers! Oh...you're just kidding...oops... Anyway, I am 100% human (Okay, that's a lie I'm only 50%, I'm not sure about the other half{though I think it's vampire...}). And really? I have talent! I guess I should thank the voices in my brain!

****Guest 5/25/13:**** Yes! I shall! I hope this was quick enough for you!

4. So it Begins

****Okay,** sorry for the late update and all, but t-storms hit my area hard and a few twisters decided to pay a visit as well, but now worries! Everything's fine, so here's a new chapter!******

****DISCLAIMER:** Noting belongs to me.******

"Soâ€|when are you getting back?" Mariaka asks in the little human's voice, trying to keep her face from crumbling into a feral snarl. She really doesn't like this human-leader. Especially when he acts all condescending; like she doesn't understand what's going on around her. And that happens more than she'd like, causing her to fret that it might get in the way of the mission.

"Ehâ€|if at all, a couple of weeks; month at the most. Soâ€|try not to impale yourself or anythingâ€|" the large red-head shuffles, hefting a large, woven basket onto his shoulder.

"Sure, yeah. No impaling going on here." the unknown-changeling nods, fiercely clenching her teeth as she waves merrily to the departing figure. He disappears behind a curve at the bottom of the hill and Mariaka shuts the door gently before releasing a roar well out of normal hearing range. Though a couple of windows break in the process.

Gulping in a deep breath, she pushes away her emotions; putting on the skin of the boy. Following in her 'father's' footsteps, she exits the building to stroll through the town. Now's as good a time as any to get a lay-out of the village.

Specifically since most of the adults are gone and aren't likely to hinder her assignment.

"Hey Ugly, aren't you supposed to be at home?"

Ah, but of course these goons would step into the vacated spot of annoyance.

The larger male, Snot-something-or-other, pushes 'Hiccup' against the side of the mess hall, smirking like the know-it-all-dumb-ass he is.

"Aw, did Useless forget how to talk?" he continues, glancing over his shoulder at the other three, winking at the bored-looking blonde.

You and I both, honey. Mariaka ducks her head, partly because she knows the original would do the same and to hide her growing smirk. Hiccup would definitely not show any signs of physical dominanceâ€|but verbalâ€|

"Who are you calling useless when the word's in your name?" she asks, looking up and tries to look like she's trying to be tough.

The bully scrunches up his face, and mutters _oh so_ intelligently, "Huh?"

"Snot_lout_? Lout, as in dimwitted?"

"Uhâ€|Your point?"

"He just called you stupid," the blonde girl with the skirt replies, and Mariaka remembers her name's Astrid.

Well, at least _someone_ _has_ some sense in the place.

"Hey! I take great offense to that!"

Mariaka sighs quietly, preparing herself to act like she's in a load of pain.

Why did I volunteer for this again?

* * *

><p>Why did I get volunteered for this again?

Hiccup tosses the pebble against the rock wall, watching lazily as it bounces back to him. Sighing, he throws it again. And just as before, it returns.

His stomach rumbles, echoing in the empty cavern and reminding him anew of how long he's been here. For the first time in nearly his entire life, Hiccup wishes he had something _other_ than skin on his bones. He'd last longer against starvation and he wouldn't be so cold.

But then he'd be a great appetizer for the dragons, rather than a toothpick.

Trying to push aside the ache, he reaches for the stone and chucks it with a bit more force than necessary.

But instead of hitting the solid granite, it smacks into the face of an elderly man entering his prison.

The blood leaves Hiccup's face as a small crimson droplet runs down the stranger's face. Of _course_ he'd be throwing something at a hidden door and obviously the gods would have it that he'd injure his captives. And by the feeling swirling in his gut, he'd say this man's high up in the chain of command.

Great. Just what he needs.

The newcomer slowly raises a hand to wipe away the trial, briefly closing his gold eyes. Hiccup bites his lip at the sight of theâ€|well, _claws_ that adorn the man's hand; thin and frail his appendages may look. Rough skin pads the bottom of his hands, and in the limited light the small Viking spies the same texture of flesh surrounding the other's face and disappearing into the long, thick

brown locks.

What a strange man, he thinks, trying to keep his heart rate under control.

"Stand," the stranger booms in an unfamiliar, rough accent. Hiccup doesn't even think as he suddenly finds himself obeying the next command to come closer, legs quaking. He stops a few feet from the elder, frozen in terror.

What does he want with me?

Those strange eyes seem to emit their own light as they look Hiccup up and down, assessing him. The brunet does the same, noting with budding curiosity that he's clothed quite similarly in the way his village elder would dress.

"Are you hungry?" he says, causing the younger one to flinch. Slowly the boy nods, clenching his fists to keep them steady.

"I apologize for my kin's abhorred manners, we have never found ourselves in such a situation as yours before," he continues, ignoring Hiccup's reveal of emotion. He turns, but not before gesturing for the boy to follow.

"I'm sure your frightened, being taken so suddenly from your people, but I assure you no harm will come to your person. We have much invested in you." The old man chuckles deeply, and Hiccup swallows. What in Hel does that mean?

"But I'm getting ahead of myself. Perhaps I should let _you_ ask the questions and I shall provide, to the best of my ability, the answers."

"Why am I here?" Hiccup whispers, already knowing he won't get a straight answer.

"Because this is where you need to be," the man responds with a smile. "I can not give you more information; everything is still quite unstable at the moment. Perhaps after the medium is metâ€|"

"What does that mean? The medium?"

"The mid-way point of our trial. Though I should warn you that is still a long way off."

"Howâ€|how long are you going to keep me here?"

The shorter man sighs, a small frown creasing his already wrinkled face. "I honestly do not know. Theâ€|plan does not have a designated time frame, but I will alert you when we are nearing its completion."

Hiccup snorts weakly. He finds himself trusting the old man, but just in the few minutes in his company he knows he won't get any more answers. Maybe he should switch tacticsâ€|

"What's your name?"

That startles his guide. "My name?"

Hiccup nods. "I assume you know mine, and it'd be nice to have something to call you byâ€|"

"I am known to my associates as Gerev, but I believe you may be more familiar with the term 'Gronckle'."

Hiccup's eyes widen. "Butâ€"but that's a dragon!"

Gerev smiles. "Precisely."

****O.o****

****Raise your hand if you saw that coming. *peers into computer* I wouldn't be surprised if all of you had two arms in the air...****

****DF-chan: **Hey! Good to see ya, and I'm so glad to know that you followed/favorited! And actually, you're right! Toothless is basically the general and the Queen is...well, she's the queen. Anyway, hope this continues to make you almost throw your cat!**

****FarmersGirl101: **Ohh, I feel for your laptop, we have like, four tower computers in the basement that my dad wants to sell but I want to fix up and _then_ sell. Why not make them pretty again and squeeze more money out of them?**

****demonsLOver: **Glad it finally makes sense, and what video? Is it that mini-clip of Hiccup imitating his father? Cause if it is, then I totally get what you're saying!**

****NightFuryOne: **I won't! To stop updating my computer would either have to die or I would! And thank you for all your support, it really does make a difference!**

****SmokeyStorm: **Oh-Younger brother? *shudders* I have two little sisters, but 4 baby boy cousins and I...I rip my hair out every time I see them because they get into EVERYTHING. Ugh, it sucks.**

****Guest 5/29/13: ** . Oh. Really, it was that good? So I'm doing something right!**

****hopelessromantic4life: **Ha, I love your name! Reminds me of my own existence! Anyway, 'dun dun dun' is sooo right!**

****Warrior Nun: ***nods* Okay, I'll try to start including more portions of the story like that. But as the fic goes on I'll just keep staying with the original Hiccup and not the Replacement.**

****DeathGoddesses: **Gobber, Gobber, Gobber...*shakes head* I don't know what he's doing, he refuses to tell me.**

****Foxlight the Dragon Trainer: **Sorry it took so long, but here she is!**

****Night-Fury1: **Ha, I smother my popcorn in butter too! And I hope this continues to hold your attention!**

****DunalN2: **Questions! Hiccup's being replaced because Dragons, in their human forms, are naturally...thin. And as you know, Vikings are _not._ And yes, the Dragons want to infiltrate the village to know their secrets so they can eventually throw them off the island.**

****LiveLaughLove102: **Thank you so much!**

****Fire From Above: **Not just Stoick, but the entire village. The Dragons want to get to know their weaknesses and such so they can drive them out.**

****BeautifulAndStrangeDragon: **Yes! You're correct!**

5. Everyone's Life is Upside Down

****Okay. Finally managed to get the computer to work, so here's the next chapter! OH, and for those that are wondering THERE WILL BE TOOTHCUP IN HERE! So...yeah...just warning you in case you're a die-hard Hicstrid...And forewarning: Hiccup might seem a bit OOC, and I figured this because...well...without giving anything away, he's very upset/angry. So...Enjoy! And there's a pronunciation guide at the bottom, for those that would like to say their names correctly!****

****DISCLAIMER:...****

"Iâ€|I don't understand," Hiccup rasps, his breathing bordering on hyperventilating. Why must he, of all people, end up being kidnapped by a bunch of crazies?

"It is quite simple," Gerev replies, stopping to face the young boy. "I am of dragon blood. Surely you must have noticed the difference between us?"

"Iâ€|H-how?"

The older being smiles reassuringly. "Your people must know that we dragons are not normal animals. Magic runs in our veins as much as blood, giving us the ability to take on this form."

"Can _all_ dragons doâ€|that?"

The stout man nods. "Of course; though for the hatchlings it is quite difficult."

"Soâ€|that thing that replaced me is one of you guys?"

Gerev doesn't reply, but to Hiccup he may as well have spelled everything out.

"Which means there's a fake posing as me; living my life and getting to know everything I knowâ€|" the Viking pales as everything pieces together, and he berates himself for not seeing it sooner.

"You want to know our secrets; find our weakness so you can run us out. But then why do you need me; what purpose do I serve?" Hiccup wonders aloud, pacing in the tiny hallway. "If, by some miracle I

were to escape, I could ruin everything! So why take the risk ofâ€" he freezes; his mind switching gears to think like his father would, and finally seeing what's right in front of him.

"You're the one that put that block in my mind! And you're going to do it again aren't you? That's why you have no qualms about letting me figure all this out!" Hiccup glares at the not-really-human man. "Well, your stupid spell didn't work the first time, and I'll just figure everything out again anyway; so you may as well kill me. I refuse to help you with your plans; I won't just quietly go back to my life when you're done using your spy! I won't!"

Gerev bows his head. "You are quite a bit smarter than my superior originally thought. He won't be happy about this." He motions to a couple of burly guards, saying as he nods to Hiccup, "Take him back to his cell and leave him some food. Then find Nigholin and tell him I'm meeting in his quarter."

They nod, one prodding Hiccup forward while the other disappears. Walking stiffly, the thin child fumes as he stalks back to his temporary home.

I can't believe I trusted him! He's just using me! Stupid, stupid, stupid!

The escort roughly pushes him into the mini-cave, and the door slams shut behind him. Stumbling through the darkness, he catches himself on the wall furthest from the exit and slips onto his knees. His anger fades, and replacing it is a crushing wave of depression.

It's all his fault that his tribe's going to die, all because he couldn't defend himself against a couple of dragons. And one of them couldn't have been any older than himself!

A sob wrenches itself free from his chest, and he quickly covers his mouth to muffle the one that follows. Why did he have to be so weak? Why did he have to be so _useless?_ Why couldn't he have died with his mother at birth; preventing this entire situation from happening? Gods know that his father, damn it, _the whole village_ would rather have Snotlout as heir than him.

And he deserves it. What good has Hiccup done to help in all his fifteen years?

Nothing. He's only a burden. He's the straw that breaks the camel's back.

Fat tears cut paths down his cheeks, spattering with barely a sound on the rock below his legs. Resigning himself over to his misery; his mind slips into oblivion as guilt joins the party.

* * *

><p>"What?" Mariaka cries. "What do you mean I'm going to train? I'll be killed instantly!"<p>

Gobber chuckles. "Eh, no ya won't! You're small, not very delicious-looking; they'll go after the other, fatter ones first. Which gives _you_ time to knock their blocks off!"

You don't think I know this?! She screams on the inside. _I know exactly_ how they'll think, seeing as I am one!_

"Butâ€|but Father saidâ€""

"Don' worry about him; I've already talked to him. And he agrees with me."

'Hiccup' sighs, knowing when to drop it. _Damnâ€|now how's this going to work?_

"Well then, I expect to see you in the ring tomorrow. And don't be late!" the blacksmith adds sternly, pointing his hook hand at the 'boy'.

The disguised dragon rolls her eyes, waving her hand and returning back to the inside of her denâ€"house. Leaning against the door, she pinches the bridge of her nose.

I can't kill my own kind, but I can't alert the humans to my presence. Jeez, how did I know something like this would happen?

* * *

><p>A gentle knock drags the sharp green gaze away from the window to the solid door, and after squashing down the slight blip of annoyance he calls deeply,<p>

"Enter."

The familiar, worn face of his most trusted advisor peers in, soon followed by the rest of his small yet thick body.

"Gerev, what brings you here? I was informed that this has something to do with the boy." The man leans back against the wall, shuffling his midnight wings to move them into a more comfortable position.

"I'm afraid I bring bad news," the Gronckle begins. "The boy remembers, as well as he knows what Mariaka is and what her purpose is."

Jade clashes with gold as the younger male stares down his elder.

"You wouldn't have, per chance, _told_ him?" he asks, voice calm despite the agitated movements of his tail curling around his legs.

"Do you take me for an idiot, Nigholin? Of course I did not tell him; he is just smarter than you anticipated."

"Then how is it that he remembers?" the other growls, pushing off his resting place to pace. "And don't say my spell wasn't strong enough; half my energies were put into it."

Gerev shrugs slightly. "Perhaps he is just immune to our magic. You yourself pointed out how unnaturally light the child was, even for a hatchling. Maybe a dragon is in his lineageâ€""

Nigholin snorts. "You think he carries our blood? That is how far you're going to reach this time?"

The visitor arches an eyebrow. "It is not entirely impossible. Your father was related to a half-breed, was he not?"

"I told you to never speak of that in front of me!" the superior snarls.

"I am just proving my point. You should probably visit him, you can sense these things better than I," Gerev says, face blank of all emotion.

Nigholin narrows his eyes. "What are you planning?"

"Nothing, friend. I want this mystery solved as much as you."

Several minutes of silence follow before the beryl eyed one growls, "Fine. But don't think you're not under suspicion; I _know_ you're playing at something."

Gerev smiles, motioning for him to follow. "As you wish; seeing as you know best."

****v.v****

****BTW:** Nigholin is pronounced Knee-oh-lin. Forgot to tell y'all that when his name was first mentioned. Also, Gerev is Ger(like _Ger_many)-reav(like _read_ but with a v). And Mariaka is Mar-e-(long)a-ka. ******

****NightFuryOne:** ****Aww**, now I feel bad about making you wait! And thank you, I try my best with writing and as for the grammar...well, I am half-German, so being a Grammar Nazis' in my blood! And thank you!

****LizzyLori:** ****Well** then, here you go!

****Night-Fury1:** ****Oh**, trust me, he will...***smiles evilly***

****Warrior Nun:** ****LOL**, I love that face you made when you found out that Mariaka's a girl! And hell yeah I'm going to include ToothCup! That's my favorite pairing!

****DeathGoddesses:** ****Oh**, don't worry, they'll meet next time! And sorry for the minimal confusion!

****hopelessromantic4life:** ****LOL**, sorry for being in the norm! That's usually not my style...

****KaliAnn:** ****I** don't know, she refuses to tell me that...but I'm assuming a long time; she _is_ a dragon...

****Transmorphic Wyvern:** ****I've** read one where he's not a Night Fury. But fuck my brain, I can't remember it. It was really good too! Maybe I'm following it or something...I'll get back to you on that...Oh, and thank you! WAIT! I found it! It's called _It Takes a Village._ Hope you like it!

****Doomsday Beam: ****Hahahahah, that's a funny name! Reminds me of something, but I can't think of it...a well, maybe later! And thank you loads for the 'awesome'!

****Fire From Above: ****Me too! I honestly don't know exactly what she's going to do, I just let her do what she wants and record it for the rest of you!

****DunalN2: ****...Huh? I don't know what you mean by 'Vixav cadtrio'. Help?

****FarmersGirl101: ****Eh, no problem! I like the tid-bits all the same as the whole ones!

6. I Know You

******Alright everyone, we got our first flame. Yes, 'we'. Because not only did this 'Guest' call my work a 'pice of garbage' but he called all of you 'assholes'. In fact, his/her review states: *******A pice of garbage. Just as the reviewers of this story is just a bunch of assholes*******. Check out the chapter one reviews, it'll be there if you don't believe me.

>And honestly, this flame doesn't mean anything to me, because obviously this person can't even speak correct English to criticize me. Not only that, but heshe crossed a line when he cursed all of you. So dear Guest, your opinion is dully noted and my reply is: Go fuck yourself. ******_No one_****** uses profanities against my readers; I don't even care if you're the damn President. You can curse me all you want but leave the reviewers out of this.******

******Sorry about that, I'd liked to have given this person a piece of my mind if they'd had the guts to use an account. But please, enjoy this chapter nonetheless~! It's mainly the first encounter; but hey, many of you were looking forward to this!******

****DISCLAIMER: I own nothing.****

He lightly dozes, head aching from releasing all those pent up tears. On the bright side, his mind is now thinking rational thoughts.

Maybe he should have emotional breakdowns more often.

Huffing once in humor, he pushes the thought aside so to examine others. First on the list is the fact that he's being held captive by a bunch of humanoid dragons. That same species has replaced him, trying to find out his tribe's weakness so they can run them out. His only purpose is to stay alive so that if anything goes wrong they can pull their guy out and send him back in. But, when they find what they need, they'll most likely kill him.

So, he has to escape.

And how do you suppose we do that?

Hiccup starts at the sarcastic voice. Since when has there been two voices in his head? Looks like captive life has finally cracked his sanity.

I've always been here, you fish. I'm called Instinct! You know, the thing that's kept you alive all this time!

Oh. That has a voice? Since when?

Never mind that, someone's coming. Act natural.

Hiccup snorts. _Nothing_ he does is ever natural. Nonetheless, he follows the new entity's instructions and tries to appear like a mad-as-Hel prisoner should.

Glaring with all his might at where he figures the door will be, he crosses his arms and ankles; the epitome of 'not going to move'.

The door cracks open, and Gerev lightly steps in. His sharp gold eyes quickly find Hiccup waiting in the shadows, and he moves aside with a murmur to whoever's out in the hall.

This should be interestingâ€|

A tall man garbed entirely in black steps in, his luminescent green eye piercing Hiccup where he sits. His unruly obsidian hair blends perfectly with the darkened cell, as do the magnificent wings that arch out above his shoulders before sweeping back down to lay folded along his spine. At the joining spot of the upper and lower halves of his body, a tail a bit thicker around than one of Hiccup's legs and twice as long drapes down, and the man holds it centimeters off the ground; not allowing it to drag as he walks. Near the end, two perfectly symmetrical flaps stretch, and Hiccup assumes they're for flight.

Eyes flickering back up to the newcomer's face, the young Viking is once again enraptured by the viridian gaze. The cat-like pupils that slash down are slim, and all together his eyes are emotionless. The panels of his face are the same way: smooth and unblemished. Even the thumb-print like scales only slightly covered by his hair appear glossy.

All together, this dragon is fairlyâ€|handsome.

"I know you."

The words leave Hiccup's mouth before his mind even thought of them, and as he registers them others begin to follow.

"You're the Night Fury; the one I saw as a child. The one that didn't kill me." He pauses, watching for a reaction. But the man stays the same; if anything he looks almost bored.

Looks can be deceiving; keep talking.

"You were also there the day of the raid. You knocked me out and flew me over the ocean to wherever we are now. You'reâ€|" the brunette stops, a new feeling raising the hairs on his arms. It feels likeâ€|" "You're the one in charge. You're who Gerev keeps calling Nigholin."

â€|Power.

Good job, now you've shown them just how smart you are.

* * *

><p>Nigholin frowns down at the human. How did he figure all that out, just by looking at me?

He blinks lazily, easily hiding his shock. "You are quite perceptive, boy. I'll give you that."

The Viking's jaw clenches and his eyes waver for the slightest second. The black dragon's heart clenches, and he is thrown by the desire to soothe the frail scrap of flesh.

What rotten fish did I eat this morning?

Pushing aside the sudden emotion, he focuses his attention back on the enemy.

"Stand," he commands, and the hatchling slowly complies. Taking in the child's rumpled clothes and disheveled appearance, as well as the oddity of the magic problem; he quickly comes to a decision.

"Gerev, informâ€" "

"Already done, sir."

The Night Fury turns to the Gronckle, narrowing his eyes. "So this is what you were planning."

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

"Then how did you know my verdict before I did?"

"Nigholin," Gerev scolds gently. "I know your ways better than you. Now, take the hatchling outside; I am sure he's dying to breathe fresh air."

His gaze switches back to the human, and his tail flickers in annoyance. "Follow me. Run and I will take the excuse to kill you."

He turns on his heel and leaves the cell, and after a second hears the shuffle of the male's boots across the stone. Unrelenting in his quick pace, he stalks down the corridors with his head held high. From the corner of his eye he watches as the human jogs slightly to keep up, but is slightly disappointed that he stays a foot behind him and doesn't give him a reason to smack him with his tail.

Maybe next time.

"Umâ€|Nigholin?" he asks, breaking the blessed silence. "Where are you taking me?"

"Weren't you listening earlier?" he snaps, ignoring the pleasant way his name sounds coming from the other's lips. "We're going outside."

"Oh."

Quiet falls on them again; heavier than the last one. It grates on

the dragon's nerves, and he shuffles his wings to alleviate the strain on his suddenly tense shoulders.

"Nigholin?"

He sighs. If this is another stupid questionâ€¦ "Yes?"

"Why does Gerev not have wings?"

Ah, now that is an intelligent inquiry. "He has them; he just keeps them folded below his robes. The same for his tail," he answers, sensing the next question.

"Does everyone keep them like that?"

The dragon pauses at a set of double doors, glancing back at his charge. "No. It just depends on personal preference. Why do you ask?"

He shrugs. "Well, everyone I've seen so far hides their wings and stuff, but you don't so I was wondering if it was a symbol of status or somethingâ€¦"

Nigholin blinks; shocked at how he quickly associated the way his kind act with their place in society. "Actually, you're not entirely wrong. It can symbolize our rank. Gerev is an elder, thus he doesn't need to get to the other, further away islands. Also, he isn't a warrior that needs to be ready to fight at a moments notice."

"What about you?"

He raises a brow. "What about me?"

"Are you a fighter?"

The Night Fury pauses, wariness flashing through his system. What are the child's motives?_

"Yes," he finally responds. "I protect my home and lead others when the time comes."

He pushes open the doors before the captive can ask anything else, striding out into the afternoon sun and to the edge of the cliff to overlook his land. A gasp leaves the human's maw, and pride fills his heart.

Yes, rest your eyes on things your kind has never seen before._

****O.o****

****Nigholin: **Knee-oh-lin **Mariaka: **Mar-e-ah-ka **Gerev:
Ger(like _Ger_many)-reav(like read)

****LizzyLori: **Thank you so much! I hope you continue to like this!**

****DragonDude23: **Thank you! Sorry it took awhile; that guest reviewer angered me so much that I scared away my muse. But she's back, so here ya go!**

****Warrior Nun:** ****Yes!** Nigholin is Toothless! But if you're wondering, I'll still give him that nickname...eventually.

****Harm Marie:** ****I'm honored, thank you so much!**

****NightFuryOne:** ****Yeah,** I figured some of you would be like me and would need to know how I imagined it pronounced. I'm going to include it at the end of every chapter as well as add the new dragon names too!

****Whitewolfz100:** ****No,** sadly not. He stays human... :(

****DunalN2:** ****Questions answer:** Check! And I want to say thanks for answering all my questions as well! And I'm updating as fast as I can, I have seven other ongoing stories that I work on at the same time as this one; so it does get a bit confusing for me! But thanks for your patience!

****DeathGoddessess:** ****We'll** just have to wait and see how Mariaka does, won't we? Heheh, it'll be fun!

****Doomsday Beam:** ****I.** Love. You. Practically every other word in that review was 'awesome'. And it was directed at my story! Agh, I just want to give you the biggest hug EVER!

****somebody:** ****Well...**sort of. I hope this chapter cleared everything up, but if not: No, he's not half-dragon, but a distant relative was the offspring of a human and a dragon pair. And thanks for the epic!

****MEC:** ****Here,** have an update! And that's okay, as long as you read it!

****hopelessromantic4life:** ****Aww,** well shucks! Thanks to you and your dragons!

****Firehedgehog:** ****Thanks!** I hope this still managed to capture your attention!

****Fire From Above:** ****Oh** good, I hope this is something you liked!

****zephyr hb:** ****Thank** you! And your picture, isn't that some kind of extremely poisonous animal?

****FarmersGirll101:** ****Oh,** well what's wrong? I wanna fix it! And science was made to confuse, which is why I'm good at it!

7. Everyone Has Political Problems

****I'm** so glad that many of you were just as outraged as I was about the whole Guest Review scandal. I just want to thank those that left with encouraging words and praise. I know not all of you think your reviews mean anything, but the truly, honestly do. I don't know how to show you the value they have, but to me they're irreplaceable. I take every single one to heart (even the ones that just say 'good work'). So, this is dedicated to all my reviewers! I love every single one of you!**

****DISCLAIMER: Sadly, no.****

"Hiccup! Watch what you're doing!" Astrid hisses, crouching down beside the smaller.

And here I was thinking you could've been an ally, Mariaka grumbles to herself. Readjusting her grip on the round shield, she inches forward to peek from behind the wall. The Nadder, whose name is Derdir, is the only one that doesn't know of her status here. After the Gronckle incident (her cover was nearly blown by that idiot), she'd made a habit of helping Gobber feed her sacrificed kin. Apparently the traitors have been in their prison so long that word never reached them of the switcheroo.

Anyway, so to prevent that from happening again, she'd taken to secretly speaking with the banished; alerting them as to what's going on. Not surprisingly, most of them were thrilled to be given permission to treat their next ruler like a piece of Viking flesh.

She can't really blame them; but jeez, it's not her fault that the Queen decided to dump them here. They're the ones that betrayed their own kind.

So now she's stuck in the arena with the youngest, most oblivious outcast trying to keep her secret just that while he tries to rip her head off.

Fun times.

"Hiccup, focus!" the bearded man calls from the relative safety from outside the cage.

The changeling chokes out a scream, ducking a blast from the creature's jaw. Turning and sprinting in the opposite direction, she finds a hidden corner and dives into it. _Now, as long as Derdir doesn't find me, I can inform him toâ€"_

A roar right above her head silences that thought, and she quickly raises her defense to stop the spikes launched from the beast's tail from impaling her. _Damn you! The Queen will surely hear of this!_ She silently promises, fleeing in another direction. Does he have to make it so _obvious_ that he's trying to kill her?

Still caught up in her thoughts, she doesn't see the other female until they collide; the young Viking's battle ax lodging itself deep in the wood of Mariaka's shield.

Catcalls echo around them, along with the cackling of the twins. Grinding her teeth, she allows Astrid to attempt to pry her weapon from its resting place before speaking up.

"Here, let me tryâ€"

The Nadder's shriek cuts her off, and he charges at his downed prey; knocking aside the flimsy walls in his way.

Crap. "Astrid, if you'd justâ€" The female places her booted foot on her cheek, tugging desperately on the handle. Sensing their doom

closing in, Mariaka releases a bolt of magic just as the blonde manages to break her blade away and smack Derric in the muzzle.

That's what you get, bastard. Mariaka sneers at him, but pauses as her eyesight sharpens. Her spell must be affected by the shot she released. Curling into a ball to hide her now cat-like pupils, she quickly repairs the break in her magic.

"Is this all some kind of joke to you?" the star trainee growls, and the dragon can feel her gaze burning holes in her borrowed fur vest. "Our parent's war is about to become our own. Figure out which side you're on."

Peeking out from under her arm, she watches as the blacksmith and the rest of her peers stalk out of the training center. Heaving a sigh, she cautiously straightens out, glancing over at the still form of the blue dragon. Her blast must've knocked him out.

Scoffing, she too leaves the arena. Despite these moments of Hell, her stay on the human's island has been quite fruitful. She's found out that they rely heavily on the blacksmith and his weapons, as well as those towers that provide light. The catapults have always caused many problems for her people; so those obviously would have to fall before any real battling can take place.

And just like any group of warriors, they're useless without the guidance of their leader. When Nigholin returns at the end of the week for a report, she should have him talk to Mother about assassinating the large man. Then eradicating the rest of the pests will be infinitely easier.

This week can't go by fast enough.

* * *

><p>Hiccup gasps, staring in awe at the pristine white building that encompasses three sides of the spacious green area. Brushing his fingertips along the cool surface, he's shocked at how smooth the stone feels. It could be mistaken for opaque ice if it weren't for the afternoon sun blazing down at them.<p>

Cautiously approaching the bluff edge where Nigholin waits, he peers over the edge at the rest of the dragon kingdom.

The grid-like streets below teem with life, with humanoid figures walking between the brown-stone homes or flying above the heads of the groundlings. Higher up in the air, but still lower than where he stands, several species of dragon fly on invisible pathways. Most he can name, but an unsettling amount are unfamiliar to the teen.

What my father wouldn't give to see this.

"It'sâ€¦" Hiccup pauses, trying to file his thoughts. "It's a lot moreâ€¦organized than I always pictured it would be."

His guide snorts. "We're not the mindless animals your people portray us as. We live and socialize just the same as you."

Hiccup nods, glancing at the black dragon from the corner of his eye.

He can feel the pride radiating from the man, and it's so similar to the way his dad would look out over the villageâ€¦

A sudden bout of homesickness slams the boy, and his eyes prick with tears he won't be shedding anytime soon. To distract himself, he focuses on figuring out more about the people he'll be spending the infinite future with.

"So, who rules here?"

The piercing green gaze flickers in his direction, and Hiccup senses the older male's wariness. _As it should be._

"I do."

Hiccup reels, jaw hitting the ground. "_You're_ the king?!"

Nigholin smirks, turning back to the view. "No, I just enforce the law on this island. You could say I'm a sort of Duke for our Queen."

"Oh." The Viking waits for his heart to settle before moving on. "How manyâ€¦ islands do dragons have?"

"Quite a few. Your island is the only one this far north that we don't occupy."

"So that's why you want it?"

The Night Fury doesn't respond immediately, and when he does his words are chose carefully. "Notâ€¦ exactly. Recently â€¦ rival dragon community has started a war against the Queen, and your land is at such a position that it could turn the tide in the favor of whoever owns it."

"Why? What's the Queen doing wrong that's making other mad?"

"What makes you think it's the Queen's dong?" Nigholin snaps, facing the boy again.

Hiccup shrugs, downplaying his fear. "Just a hunch."

The dragon mutters under his breath before snaring the boy's arm and dragging him back inside.

"That's enough fresh air for today. I believe it's time to show you your quarters."

0.0

****Nigholin: ****Knee-oh-lin ****Mariaka: ****Mar-e-ah-ka ****Gerev:
****Ger(like _Ger_many)-reav(like read) **Derdric:
**dare-dr-ick

ATTENTION: I WILL BE GONE JULY 10-17. THERE WILL BE NO INTERNET, SO THIS MIGHT BE THE LAST POST BEFORE THEN (THOUGH I HOPE NOT). WHEN I RETURN, IF I GET A LOT OF HELL FOR BEING GONE, I WON'T UPDATE FOR TWO WEEKS. I TOLD YOU, WARNED YOU, BUT YOU DIDN'T HAVE THE TWENTY SECONDS TO READ IT. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED. Thanks~!

****Night-Fury1:** ****Yes! Toothless is officaly here! WHOOT WHOOT~!**

****LizzyLory:** ****Really?! I'm flabbergasted! Mine can not be one of the best, it just can't!**

****zephyr hb:** ****Oh yes, I plan on having Toothless keep is nickname. I have a feeling many of you will like exactly _how_ Hiccup gives it to him!**

****Kristy Annabelle Cullens:** ****I should, shouldn't I? But, sadly, I won't remove the Guest review. It's a kind of moral I have: Good or bad, a review that is posted to a story will stay (no matter how much it hurts.). Weird, I know; but your kind words have soothed the burn. Thank you so much!**

****SmokeyStorm:** ****My thoughts exactly. If he/she had used proper grammar (and English!) as well as told me what was wrong, I may have attempted to fix it. But, he/she did neither, and offended many of my readers. I stand for no such thing; never have and never will.**

****DragonDude23:** ****Thanks, and I will always stand up for you guys! Without your support, I would just be some girl writing and not getting the real joy out of feeling my work enjoyed. Sorry for the bit of a wait, I tend to update once a week now that life has settled down!**

****Doomsday Beam:** ****You're the one that's sweet! Calling my work awesome...It makes me want to hug you so much!**

****DunalN2:** ****And I don't have a problem with criticism (I know there a things some people don't like in here [btw, what do you see that is wrong? I want to fix it!]), as long as it's constructive. And if you need help updating, just pm me; I'll walk you through it (if that's the help you want!)**

****Warrior Nun:** *****ducks head* Thank you! I'm not really one to hold grudges, and it warms my heart to think that other readers are taking offense as well! And Hiccup is about to see the dragon's island!**

****hopelessromantic4life:** ****What type of dragon is Blue Fire, if you don't mind me asking? Mine is what I call a Mist Dragon.**

****NightFuryOne:** ****Thanks so much! Lots of people make Hiccup this cowering weakling, but he freaking befriended DRAGONS and killed the QUEEN. He's got some smarts. Also, I loved your story! Learn to Fight; Love the idea!**

****mr abomination:** ****Thank you, and what's wrong with the pairing so far? I'd like to fix it!**

****MEC:** ****Lol, I ALWAYS reply! And thanks for the love, I don't know what I'd do without it!**

****DeathGoddesses:** ****It looks awesome. I mean, this IS the dragon's island.**

****Phoenix Risin: ****There are other worlds! And I don't mind (I always get off topic as well [my family, when we get the money, is going to have me tested!~]) And you are absolutely correct on everything! Nigholin is a Night Fury, Mariaka is a girl as well as replacing Hiccup, and the dragons can take on a humanoid form.

****SnowFlower Frost: ****Wow. I got three compliments all in one sentence. Can I hug you? How about give you a life time supply of cookie? Here, have a taste (chocolate chip!) (::)

****Harm Marie: ****Thank you! Hope you continue to enjoy this!

8. Ambush

****Ho-ly crap. Man, I get home and it feels like I've never left. My Floridian Vacation was all just some dream...anyway, new chapter so enjoy!****

****DISCLAIMER: Nope.****

"_This_ is my room?"

"Yes. Is there a problem?"

"I, It'sâ€|but my otherâ€"

"Would you prefer to be housed in that cell?"

"No!" Hiccup replies quickly, nearly shouting. If he spends one more day in that dark holeâ€|Besides, he'd have to be an idiot (which he's not) to turn down _this._

His new room is quite large, for one person, and definitely lighter than the last one too. The east wall seems to be made from one solid sheet of glass, broken only by the door made of the same substance. The other walls have no windows but the light beige color spreads the light enough that they don't need them. The white floor is the same as the outside of the building, and it matches the hue of the bed.

A very _big _bed. Hel, it could easily hold both him and his father with room to spare!

"Soâ€|this is a prisoner's room?" Hiccup asks to break the silence, gazing over his shoulder at the only splash of darkness.

Nigholin shrugs. "Not really. This is just the smallest of the available guest's area."

"Smallest?! This is at least twice the size of my room!"

The dragon frowns. "I thought you were the Chief's son."

"I _am_, but you do realize that I live on an island. Limited space."

"Where do you think you are now?"

The human bites his lip, checks coloring. "â€|an island. But you don't farm!"

The Night Fury smirks. "Who says?"

"You farm?"

"Not in the sense you're thinking of," he replies, uncrossing his arms and striding to the glass wall. Where a door knob would've been he places his hand, pushing gently to the side. The panel disappears, and before Hiccup can decipher why he's ushered out onto a balcony.

They're much higher than before; so much so that the teen can see over the top of the castle (for it's obvious now that's what this is), and even out to the grey ocean. The city is merely a brown blob with ants moving about, and between it and the sea is a section of what appears to be untamed wilderness.

Nigholin points to it, explaining, "That over there is where we 'farm'. A team of hunters takes care of the habitat and the prey within; keeping the population steady and removing disease when needed. They also take care of the river, keeping it clean enough to drink."

"Is that them?" Hiccup asks, gesturing to a good sized group hovering above the green. After a moment, they group more tightly together before heading in their direction.

"Get inside," Nigholin's gaze is locked on the incoming dragons, and at first Hiccup doesn't understand.

"So that's notâ€œ"

"I said get inside!" he roars, tail lashing out to catch the boy in the midriff and throwing him backwards. He skids across the smooth surface until his head smacks into the foot of the bed, and he yelps in pain. Glaring out the now closed door, he watches as the air shivers around Nigholin, flickering with a deep blue light. The hairs on his arm rise, and his gut twists sickeningly.

Magic.

Not wishing to watch but unable to look away, Hiccup stares as the electricity builds then flashes, blinding him for a millisecond. But that's all it took.

On his balcony now stands the elusive Night Fury in all his glory. Drinking in the rare sight greedily, he commits the sleek black form to memory.

No wonder we've never caught one; he's built for speed, he notes. The body, thinner than most but well-proportioned, is almost daunted by the size of his wingspan. His muzzle isn't sharp and pointed but more rounded, giving him more area and grip in exchange for bite power.

But that doesn't mean Hiccup _wants_ those pearly whites shredding his skin. No thanks, but those triangles of death can pass him over for someone juicier _any_ _time_.

Like, for example, the invading dragons.

Nigholin thunders a challenge, but the teen feels it more than it's heard. The building (or is it just his room?) is probably protected by a sound reduction spell or something. Yeah.

A bolt of blue fire explodes above the castle, and Hiccup wonders about its purpose until he faintly registers more war cries.

A signal—obviously this has happened before if they've developed a warning system.

Kind of like the one they have back on Berk—

Ugh, now is not the time to be reminiscing! He berates himself. You should focus on coming up with a plan in case the intruders get past Nigholin and his mini-army—

His door is suddenly thrown open, and Gerev stands in the frame.

"Come with me Little One," he hurries in, snaring his wrist before dragging him out into the hall. "We haven't got much time."

"What's going on?" he calls as the castle shudders.

"The Resistance knows you are here," the Gronckle explains, arriving at the stair case. "They're attempting a kidnapping so they can take you home."

"Why? Don't they want Berk too?"

"That is why they're doing this. If they ruin the Queen's plan and get in your good graces they think you'll let them occupy the island."

"But I'm not the leader!" Hiccup cries.

"So?"

"So?! I have absolutely no say in what goes on! And even when I do get in the position to rule, my cousin's going to take over because everyone knows I'm too weak to stop him!"

Gerev stops, turning to face the human with wide eyes.
"What?"

Hiccup ducks his head. "That's right; you've exchanged places with the wrong person. Your plan's failed from the start."

"That's not what—"

The wall several feet ahead explodes, cutting off the elder and throwing both of them to the ground. Red eyes peer through the dust, and Gerev pales.

"Run!" he hisses, pushing the teen back the way they came.

"But what about—"

"I will be fine; I'm not as helpless as I seem." The dragon winks as

the air hums and fills with a gold light. Hiccup pauses for a moment longer before turning his back and sprinting away. A deep _boom_ nearly throws him into the wall, but he quickly recovers and continues on without looking back.

If he does he'll end up trying to help. And that won't be good for anybody.

****o.o****

****NightFuryOne: ****No prob, though the new chapter I haven't gotten to yet (still trying to catch up from not reading over vaca), and I always liked the idea of the dragons not really _wanting_ to attack but having to.

****LizzyLory: ****Aww, thanks! Authors can never get too much love in anything, because we are our worst critic! It gives us a confidence boost every time we see the words 'I love it!!'

****zephyr hb: ****Yup~! Not necessarily original, but hey, it works!

****Doomsday Beam: ****Hey, you changed your photo! And wow, major loves in that review! Not sure how I manage to beat my chapter greatness every time, but you obviously like it and I hope to continue doing that!

****DragonDude23: ****Oh no, no offense; I hate myself for the short chapters too. But allow me to explain: I have committed Author Suicide and have seven ongoing stories. I update each one each day, hence why updates tend to be exactly one week apart. The problem with making long chapters is just that my family shares one computer, and in order to get my posts the length they are now I get up at six and write until eight. That gives me about a 1,000 word chapter and a little bit for tomorrow's story. Then I get kicked off and don't have another opportunity to do anything until the following morning. So, yeah...sucks, but it's worth it seeing as most people love this! Thanks for understanding.

****DeathGoddesses: ****There's a rebellion for the same reason in the movie: the Queen is a major bee-yacht. She's the same Tyrant as in the movie and just for a little preview: she's wants the two sides to go to full out war. Yeah, crazy bee-yacht.

****SnowFlower Frost: ****I love foreshadowing too! But not as much as cliffhangers! And thank you sooo much! I wish I could send cookies over the internet (someone in my family should make a business out of making cookies, I swear) but I can't...actually, you deserve a freaking tower cake...

****DunalN2: ****Yes? I'm _dying_ to fix it!

****Warrior Nun: ****Hel yeah she does! That's why the Queen chose her!

****kitty tokyo uzumaki: ****Sorry for the slight delay; computer problems ensued after I got back from my vaca. But it's here now so~!

****Harm Marie: ****Thank you, I hope you liked this one too!

****Phoenix Risin: ****My family's going to get my mind tested for such things like insanity, OCD, ADHD (though the last two are already agiven; I know for a fact that I have them). And don't feel bad, I love Mariaka and so do many others!

****Firehedgehog: ****Thanks!

****SheMcScribe245: ****The names...the names...uh, they sorta just jumped into my head and I liked them so I put them down. I've always been pretty good at that stuff. And thanks for everything!

****hopelessromantic4life: ****Ohh! That's amazing! Mine's like Chinese dragons except she doesn't have hind legs. Name's Raylian.

****mr abomination: ****Oh no, this is going in that direction, but I will not be putting any of those scenes in here. Though the rating may change because of gore and some not-so-good thoughts (suicide among others), this will remain pretty 'clean'. It might get a little heated, but I don't expect much. Anyway, about the advice: I'm definitely going to try to make my own species; actually I sorta have to for reasons later explained. And about making my own plot line: there should be a break where I deviate from Dreamworks coming soon...If I remember correctly...

9. Two Heads Equals Twice the Hunting

****Short chapter because writers block is just that mean. It took me forever to find the right words. I had the scene, but no the words. So, here it is. Ugh, someone kill me now...****

****DISCLAIMER: Nope****

Left, right, left, right, left, right, left, rightâ€¦

Please don't trip, please don't trip, please do ****not**** trip! Hiccup prays to any and every god in existence. Panting lightly, he skids around the corner only to squeak in surprise as one of a Zippleback's heads twists to look at him. It roars, drawing the attention of its other head as well as the dragon it'd been fighting.

Not good, not good, ****not good!**** The mantra runs through his mind as he turns to bolt, but something latches onto his right leg and lifts him into the air.

"Put me down!" he cries, flailing his arms wildly. A head, luckily the one with sharper teeth, gazes at him with unreadable yellow eyes as he hangs helplessly upside-down.

"I said put me down!" he repeats more forcefully, smashing something with his left heel. Whatever it is, it's effective as he's promptly dropped in favor of wailing in agony. Twisting midair, he lands on his side before jumping up dashing down the opposite corridor. Several thumps follow him, and despite his better judgment, he glances behind him.

The beast is hobbling after him; the right head sporting a swollen

eye. As he meets their gaze, both heads snarl menacingly. Not needing a translator and not really wanting on either, Hiccup takes a sharp turn as the building is rocked by another explosion.

_You need to find a safe spot, _ instinct whispers. _You can't run forever._

You don't think I don't know that? Hiccup retorts. _You find me somewhere and I'll take it!_

Take a left ahead.

He doesn't bother to argue. It's a waste of mental breath and he was going that direction anyway.

Until he turns the corner and sees the partially collapsed wall. He whirls around to see if it's not too late to backtrack, but his premature hopes are dashed when the twin heads snake around the bend; trapping him.

Thor's hammer, I'm stuck! Now I'm going to beâ€”

The head from earlier darts forward, puffing gas in his face. He stumbles back, panting heavily as he tries to cure his sudden lightheadedness. Something latches onto his midsection, lifting him up as his limbs refuse to struggle.

What's wrong with me?!

The gas; you inhaled it directly which is inhibiting your mind.

_ I wish it'd inhibit **you**._

Through bleary eyes the teen watches as the interior of the castle flashes by, and sooner than he'd like vanishing altogether. Uninterrupted blue is all he sees, though the explosions continue, as well as the battle cries. But the screaming of the Night Fury is chillingly absent.

Did something happen to him? He couldn't have been killed that fast, right? Right?

For once, the Resistance has possibly done something right.

Nigholin growls lowly, watching from the shadows as his men steadily push the intruders back on the front line. The breach in the back could still go either way, but seeing as he still spies from the darkness, he can lend his power when it seems as if his warriors can't do it alone.

"Sir!"

The black dragon flicks his ear plates, signaling that he's listening without taking his eyes off the battle playing out in front of him. A battle that seems to be slowing downâ€”

_"Sir, they're retreating, what shall I have our men do?" _his sergeant, a fiery female Nadder known to the troops as 'The Untouchable', asks. He turns slightly to stare her down with one large green eye, and true to her name not a single wound seems to

have been inflicted on her hide.

"Tell them to keep pushing back. And Verxia?"

_ "Yes?"_ she floats midair, patiently waiting for orders. But her superior's gaze travels behind her, landing on a Zippleback bursting from the palace. It clutches something in the right foreleg, but what could it have takenâ€”

Nigholin springs into the air, already halfway to the enemy before his underling even realizes where he's gone.

_Of course he's managed to get himself kidnapped, _ he snarls internally, already preparing the shot. _Weak human he is, it's not surprising. Though what about Gerev? He was supposed to guard the boyâ€”|_

The fire warming his throat, he releases it and a second later it hits the shoulder of the opponent, reflexively causing the other to drop the boy. He catches him easily, clutching the limp body to his chest as he sharply turns back to the grounds. A strange scent hangs in the air surrounding the Viking, and it causes his nose to twitch and his heart to beat just a little bit faster.

_He better not die, or I'm hunting for both your heads, _ he silently promises the fleeing dragon behind him.

O.O

Verxia: Ver-she-a

**LizzyLory: **I totally understand; I'm one of those people that like action and everything else of pointless making out. Though a good romance will grab my attention, I do admit...and I had lots of fun in Florida!

DragonDude23: **No, I thank **you. Most people just demand updates but you ask nicely, and even _wondered _if my time for writing was limited. And you understand! I just want to hug you!

**josy daky: **Thank you, I'm honored that you took the time!

**kitty tokyo uzumaki: **I'm glad too! Though this time it's not the computer's problem, it's family. Why couldn't I have been born a dog? Life for them seems so easy...

**Warrior Nun: **LOL! And the funny thing is I don't think Toothless has met Snotlout yet...

**Phoenix Risin: **As a matter of fact, yes. They are making a 2nd HTTYD, though I'm not entirely sure on the release date. Just google it, that's how my friend found it and told me. I believe it's also posted on the wiki...And what's the Theory?

**NerdyLittleCray: **Aw, I love you! Making this a movie; I want to give you a lifetime supply of cookies!

**DeathGoddesses: **In Berk...things are boring. Well, actually we'll

get to see what's going on there next time when Hiccup goes back for the end of the week thing.

****Harm Marie: **Thanks!**

****Doomsday Beam XD: **No prob, and it looks like you added to your name! I hope I managed to best last time's chapter too!**

****Wilson: **Well, took me long enough but here's more! And that reviewer is right; this story beat Will Wolfson by one point; moving up to the fourth spot! And thank you so much, all your support and compliments make writing so much easier!**

****TJ: **You know, I have an Uncle T.J...Anyway, thanks for the support and I guess you could say Hiccup is dragon, but it's a very small percent (think less than five).**

****PuraStones: **Sorry it took a bit, but life got in the way of my keyboard!**

****Lovepuppy316: **Lol, an action junky like me! And yes, Hiccup better run his cute ass off!**

****Clio: **I adore your reviews! And the reason authors use cliffhangers is because they are insecure and use those dreaded aforementioned cliffs to make sure you come back and read!**

****RCRC36: **Thanks!**

****dan: **Wow, you reviewed twice in one chapter! Ah well, thanks for the compliment! And the dragons want Hiccup because he is the Chief's son on Berk, and Berk is in such a position that for the war between the dragon communities, it could turn the tide in their favor. So, Nigholin (Toothless) and the Queen think that infiltrating is the best option, while the attacking dragons think that bringing Hiccup back and getting on his good side is the key. Explain everything so far?**

10. I Apologize

****As you can probably see, this isn't a real chapter. Because of life (mainly school), I don't know when I'll be able to post new chapters. This DOES NOT mean I'm abandoning this story, I have too many ideas with where this can go, it just means that updates will be...wide-spread. So you can either stick with me until things settle down or you can take me and this fic off your watch list. The choice is up to you.****

****Thanks for all your support; I don't know what I did to deserve all of you wonderful readers!****

****Sincerely, ****

**** I.F.T.S****

End
file.